

Cherry

DELUXE

in this issue:
Neil Gaiman





Cherry Comics is

Larry Welz

el presidente-for-life

Sharon Welz

earth-mother-behind-the throne



Angry Kruschev Komix is

Dan Fogel
king leer

Corey Keller
kommissar-and-every-



ng Cherry Cherry Che

"The Innkeeper's Soul"

Script '1998 Neil Gaiman

Art, Cherry '1998 Larry Welz

Neil Gaiman is one of today's most popular and respected fantasy writers. His extensive comics work includes an award-winning, critically acclaimed, and best-selling 75 issue run on *The Sandman*, and the graphic novels *Mr. Punch* and *Signal to Noise*. His teleplays for *Babylon 5* and his own creation *Neverwhere* have earned him new fans worldwide. Neil's prose novels include *Good Omens* with Terry Pratchett and the novelization of *Neverwhere*.

Underground Comix legend **Larry Welz** is notorious as the creator of Cherry, one of the most popular and successful characters in Adult comics. His career stretches back 30 years to such classic titles as *Yellow Dog* and his own creation, *Captain Guts*. Recently, Larry has begun a new career in self-publishing *Cherry*, *Cherry's Jubilee*, *The Cherry Collection*, *Cherry Deluxe*, and his new satire *The Bird*.

"Talk Radio"

Script '1998 Karen E. Murray

Art, Cherry '1998 Larry Welz

A newcomer to comics writing, **Kate Murray** was first published by Junior Scholastic Magazine after an especially revolting poetry contest. She has appeared more recently in a four-year run as a universally irritating columnist for her hometown paper. She leg-presses 520 pounds for reps but gave up bodybuilding competition because she got tired of shaving.

Cherry Self-Publisher Spotlight on:

Tug & Buster

Script, Art '1998 Marc Hempel

Marc Hempel is a mad genius who is as lovably demented as his twisted, unnatural creations. Past credits include: *Jonny Quest* and *Breathmaker* (with Mark Wheatley), a story for *Clive Barker's Hellraiser*, and *The Kindly Ones*, a story arc of *The Sandman*, with Neil Gaiman. His solo work includes four volumes of *Gregory* and, under his Art and Soul imprint, *Tug & Buster* #1 - 7, and a new #1 from Image Comics. For back issues, write Marc at: 7844 St. Thomas Drive, Baltimore, MD 21236 or tugbuster@aol.com.

Cherry Deluxe created by Larry Welz and Dan Fogel

Art Direction by Corey Keller

Edited By Dan Fogel and David Back

Cherry Deluxe #1 '1998 Larry Welz and the respective artists. *Tug & Buster* " & " '1998 Marc Hempel.

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and Angry Kruschev Komix, P.O. Box 629, Menlo Park, CA 94026-0629 (510) 758 - 0688 tgfogel@aol.com

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Retailers are ordered not to sell this book to minors.

The Innkeeper's Soul

by Neil Gaiman
art by Larry Welch



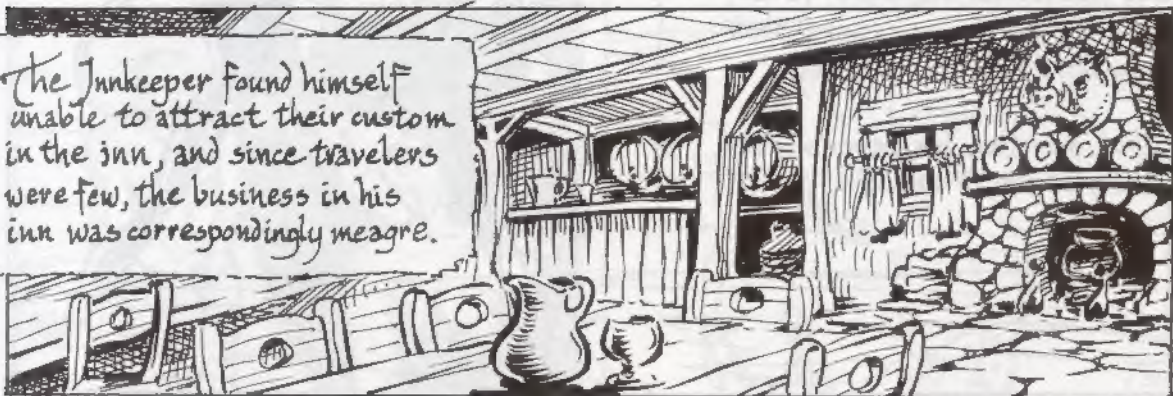
The hamlet of Breme
lay far across the moors,
and saw few travelers



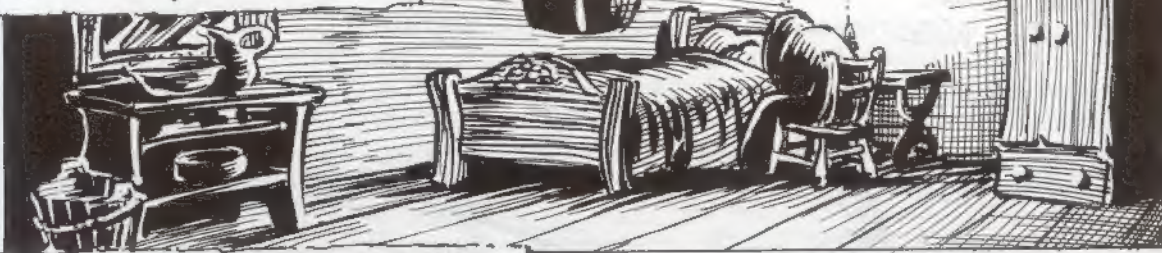
And this was particularly hard
on the Innkeeper of Breme;
for the Bremers were farmers
who grazed their sheep on the
empty moor, and a dour and
teetotal bunch they were.



The Innkeeper found himself
unable to attract their custom
in the inn, and since travelers
were few, the business in his
inn was correspondingly meagre.



And, finding himself unable to provide for himself or his wife, the Innkeeper took to his bed and without fuss, he died.



The Innkeeper's wife buried him in his best suit, with little ceremony out on the moors, and left the village's demon and the village's angel (for each town, each village, each city, each country, each world - every one of them has an angel, has a demon) to argue over the final disposition of his soul.



Now, the Angel and the Demon of the hamlet of Breme had very little to do; for the farmers of Breme never sinned particularly (save, on occasion, in the matter of sheep), and the Angel thus assumed that they were all bound for Heaven. And the farm-folk of Breme lived grey and cheerless lives as uncomfortable and chilly as the moors, with no real opportunity for any spectacular displays of virtue, and thus the Demon assumed that they were all bound for Hell.

But over the Innkeeper's soul they began to argue.





HE'S MINE!

HE WAS A GOOD MAN!

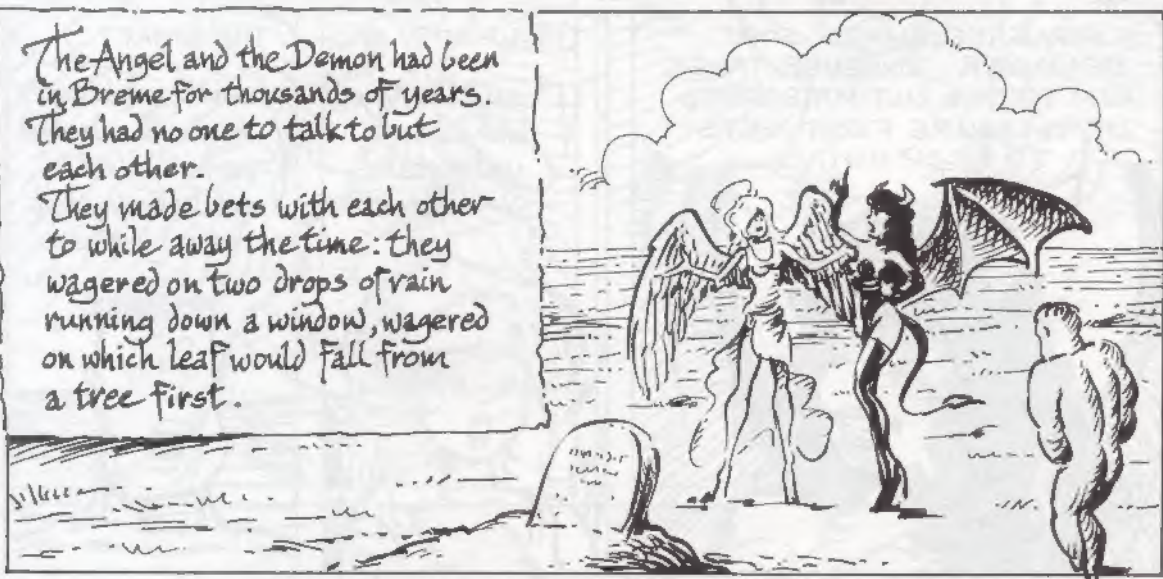


HE'S MINE!

HE WAS A PUBLICAN.
EVERYONE KNOWS THEY'RE
OURS. IT'S TRADITIONAL!

The Angel and the Demon had been in Breme for thousands of years. They had no one to talk to but each other.

They made bets with each other to while away the time: they wagered on two drops of rain running down a window, wagered on which leaf would fall from a tree first.



WELL, I WISH YOU WOULD MAKE YOUR MINDS UP!

YOU STAY OUT OF THIS!



WELL, IT'S CHILLY OUT HERE WITH NO CLOTHES ON. ANYWHERE'LL BE WARMER THAN THIS GODFORSAKEN MOOR.

AND SOME PLACES WILL
BE WARMER THAN
OTHERS!

And she stared at
the publican's naked
soul, and a slow smile
spread across
her red lips.

I PROPOSE
A WAGER.

WHAT KIND OF
A WAGER?

A STRAIGHTFORWARD SORT
OF WAGER. WHOEVER TAKES
HIM TO THE ULTIMATE SPIRE
OF PLEASURE FIRST GETS
TO KEEP HIM.

THE WHAT?

said the Angel,
who did not
understand.

THE WHAT?

said the publican's
soul, who understood
perfectly, but did
not believe what
he had just heard.

WHOEVER MAKES
HIM COME FIRST
GETS HIS SOUL!

said the Demon,
with a grin that
could only be
described as
devilish.

I'LL GO FIRST.

NO, NO, I THINK I UNDERSTAND
WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT.
YOU NAMED THE BET. I'LL GO FIRST!

And she did.





When she was, for the moment, quite sated, and the Innkeeper's Soul had not come, the Demon spread her leathery wings and said,

THERE ARE SOME THINGS THAT ARE DONE BEST BY THE BAD!



and she proceeded to demonstrate these things, none of which, the Angel had to admit, had even occurred to her.



And, after a while, when the Innkeeper's Soul had still not come, the Angel found herself not quite as sated as she had thought, and she found herself asking the Demon,

THAT TAIL...
CAN YOU DO ANYTHING
ELSE WITH IT?



YOU MEAN LIKE THIS?



-OR THIS?



-OR THIS?



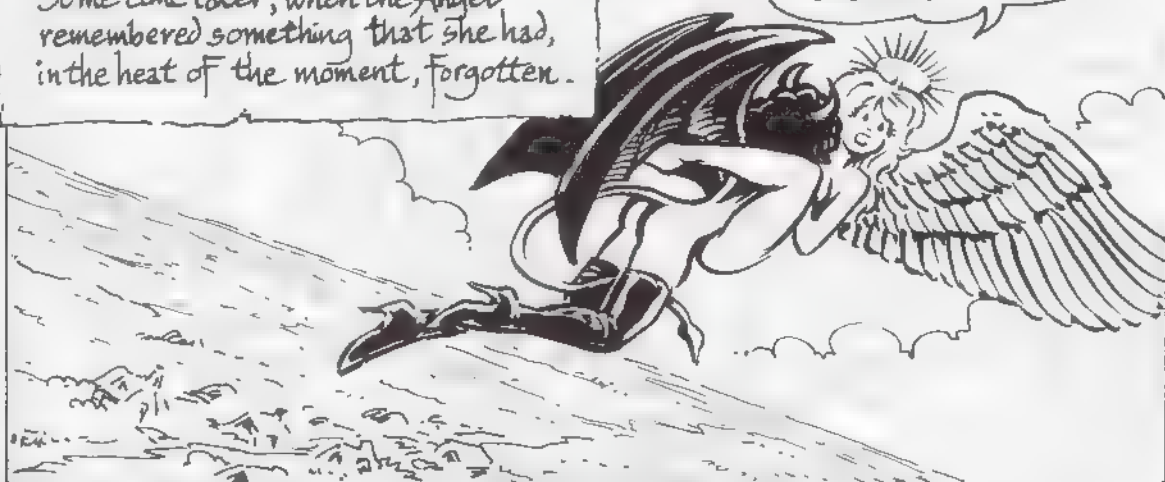
IF YOU'RE GOING TO DO THAT,
YOU HAD REALLY BETTER USE
YOUR FINGERS AS WELL...

-AND COME A LITTLE
CLOSER SO I CAN-



They were high above the village
Some time later, when the Angel
remembered something that she had,
in the heat of the moment, forgotten.

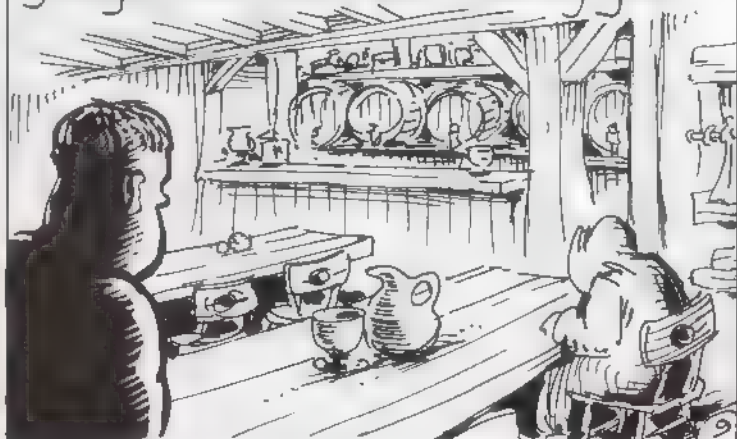
WHERE IS THE PUBLICAN'S
SOUL?



It was not by the gravestone
on the moor where they had
left it.



It had, as they soon discovered, made its way
across the moor to the Inn, where the
Junkeeper's widow sat alone in the empty bar.



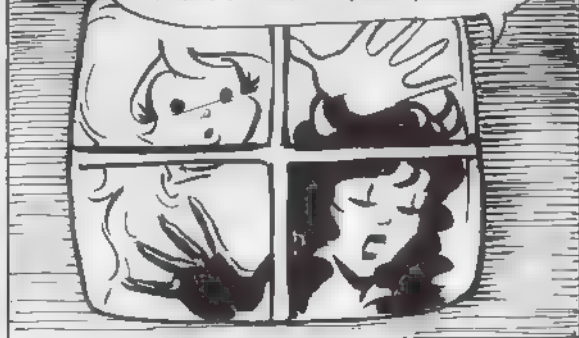
And while her feelings at seeing the Innkeeper's naked soul may only be guessed at, it is fair to say that she took to the new situation with enthusiasm.



I DIDN'T KNOW YOU COULD DO THAT, EITHER!

WE'VE HAD OUR FUN, IT SEEMS ONLY RIGHT TO LET THEM HAVE THEIRS.

WHEN THEY'VE FINISHED, WE'LL TAKE HIM AWAY.



And shuddering and grunting with delight, the Innkeeper's naked soul ascended to the ultimate spire of carnal pleasure, and he came in juddering spurts, came as he had never come in life.



TIME TO GO!



The Junkkeeper's Soul
grinned up at them.

I THOUGHT YOU SAID THAT WHOEVER
MADE ME COME COULD KEEP ME.
I HEARD YOU.

WELL, YES,
BUT...



BUT NOTHING! THIS
GOOD LADY WOULD
SEEM TO HAVE FULFILLED
ALL THE CONDITIONS.
AS SUCH, I WOULD SAY
SHE HAS EARNED THE
RIGHT TO RETAIN
ME HERE.

HOWEVER, IF YOU WISH
TO WELCH ON YOUR
WAGER, AND SEND ME
TO THE REALMS ABOVE,
OR THE REALMS BELOW,
THEN I SHALL, I AM SURE,
BE FORCED TO GIVE AN
ACCOUNT TO WHICHEVER
GATEKEEPER RECEIVES
ME, OF TODAY'S
SINGULAR EVENTS.

FOR I AM SURE THAT
THE POWERS ABOVE
AND BELOW WOULD
NOT APPROVE OF
SUCH SINGULAR
FRATERNIZATION
BY THEIR AGENTS.

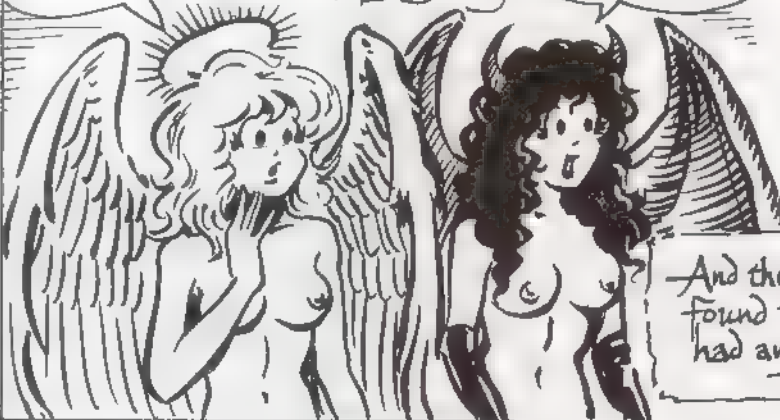


OOOOH!

said the Angel glumly

WHOOEEE!

said the Demon, in the
tones of one who knew
herself beaten.



And the Angel and the Demon
found that neither of them
had anything further to say.

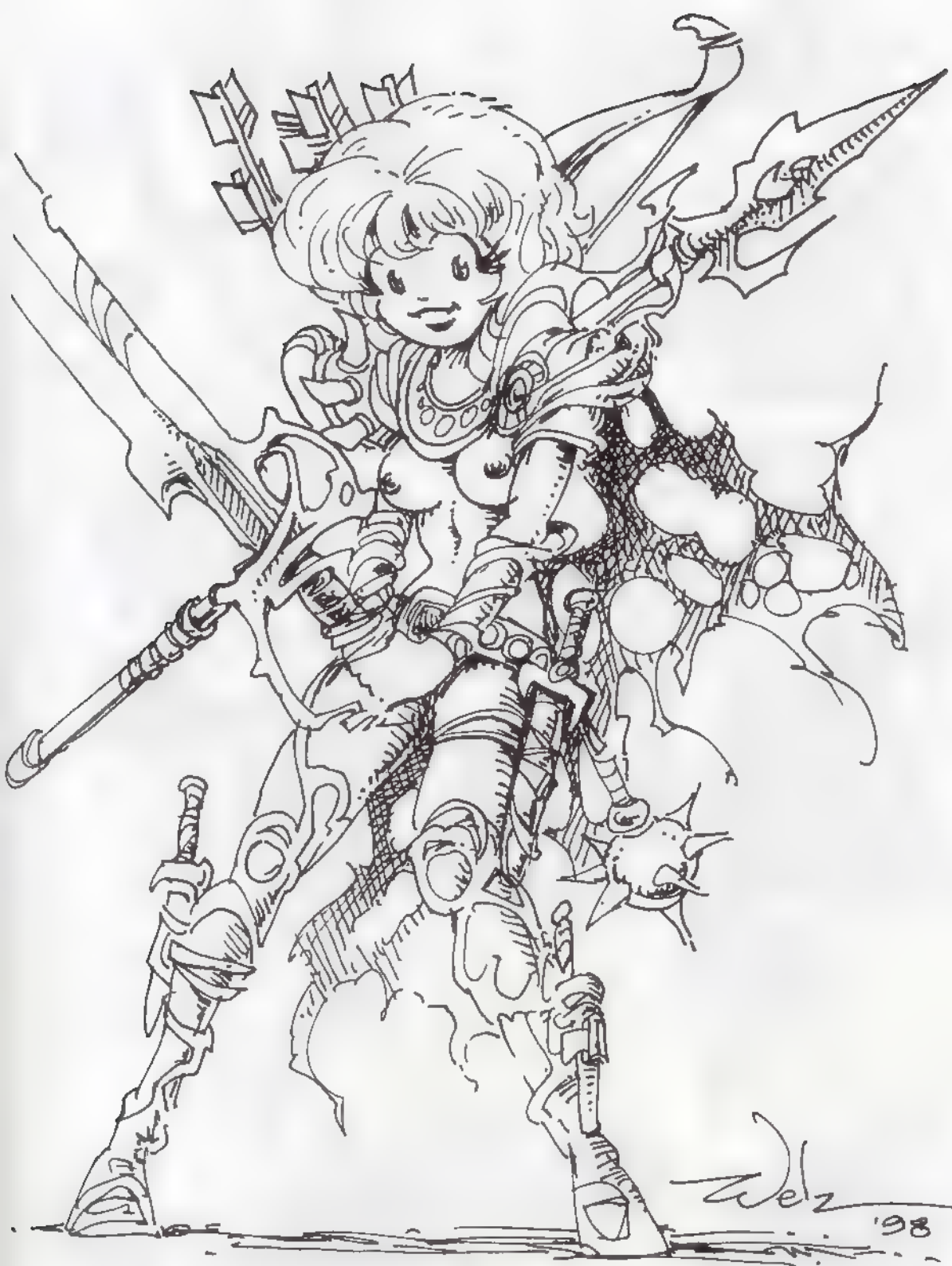
The Innkeeper's widow sent the Innkeeper's Soul off to get dressed in his second best suit (for the first had gone that morning into a hole in the ground); and together that afternoon they left Brema, on their way to a town that would be more hospitable to innkeepers;



and they left the hamlet and the moors to the teetotal farmers, and the occasional sheep...

and the frequent squeaks and sighs and groans of pleasure that had begun to be heard more and more on the moor, but the source of which was considered something of a mystery.





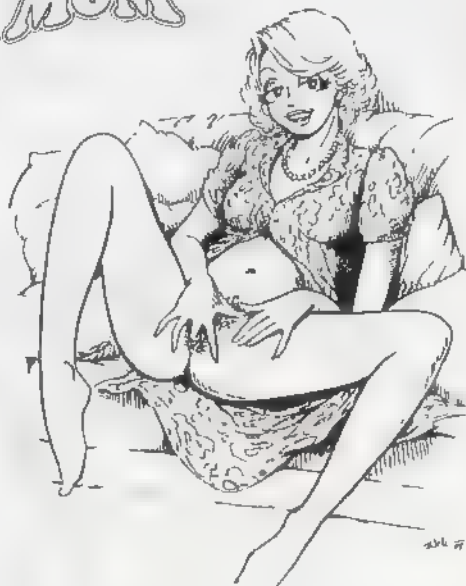
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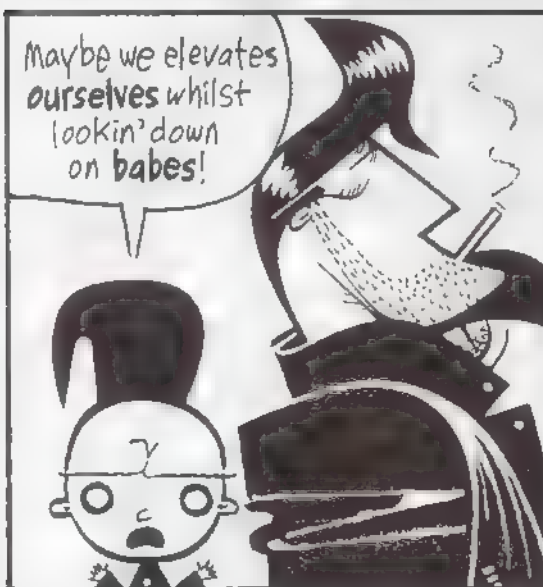
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TUG & BUSTER

in
"Heightened Awareness" by MARC HEMPEL

Gosh, Tug -- maybe Stinkfinger's right!

Maybe we sees ourselves as bein' too high 'n' mighty -- like we's **above** it all!





Maybe we
should come
down off our
high whores!

Cherry's MOM

in

TALK RADIO

by Kate Murray Art by Larry Welz
©1998

SOMETHING MUST BE
DONE TO STEM THE
TIDE OF NATIONAL
DISORDER AND
WEAKNESS!

EW, IT'S THAT CREEPY H. HARDON CAPPY!
WHO DOES HE THINK HE IS, ANYWAY?

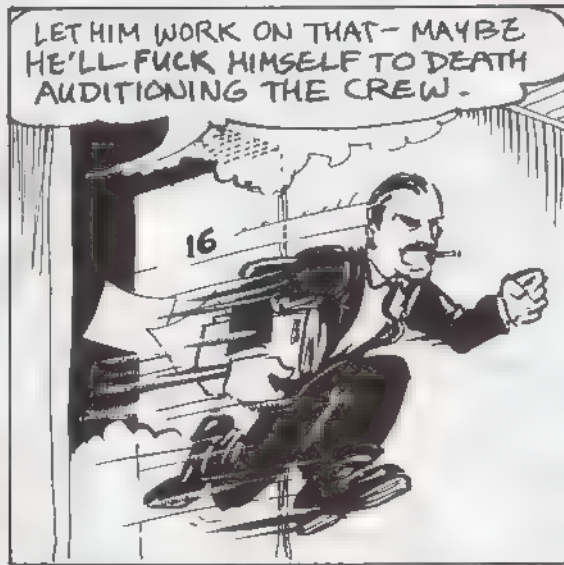
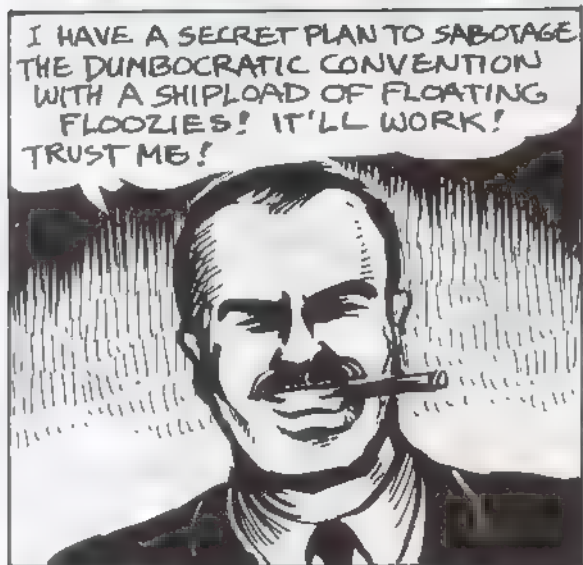
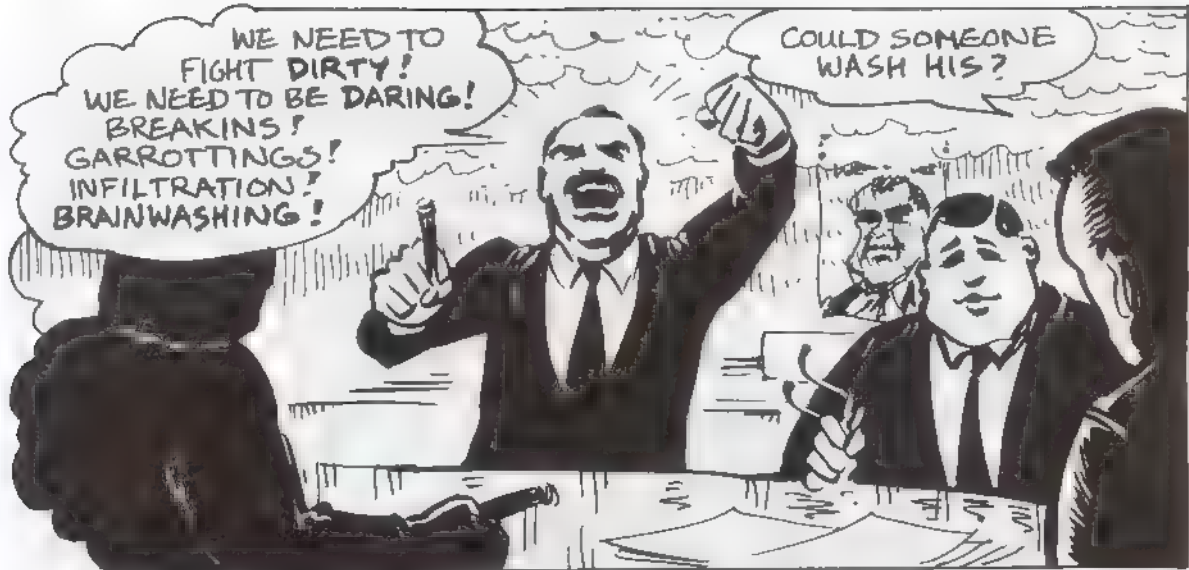
I DON'T KNOW, BUT FOR A RIGHT-WING
HERO, HE SURE IS A HORNY OLD LECH!
AT LEAST HE WAS WHEN I KNEW HIM.



OH MOM! LIKE I'M JUST SO SURE!

NO, REALLY! IT HAPPENED BACK
DURING THAT PLOTTERGATE MESS...





WE WON'T KILL ANYBODY...YET



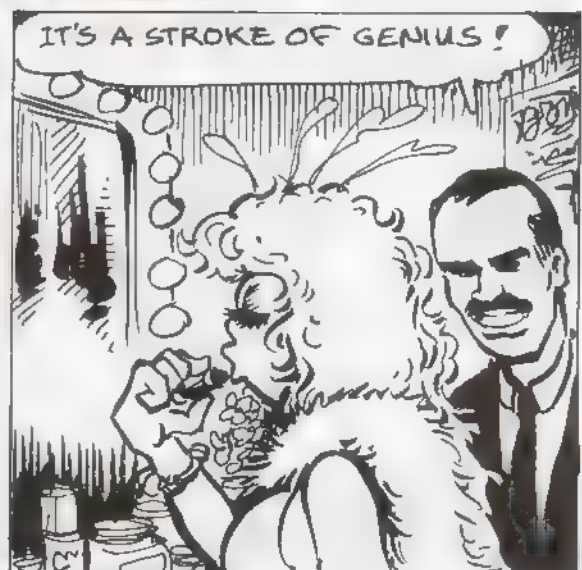
...JUST HUMILIATE THEM PUBLICLY!



"WHAT DOESN'T KILL ME
MAKES ME STRONGER"



IT'S A STROKE OF GENIUS!



...AND YOU'LL BE HELPING
OUR GREAT COUNTRY IN ITS
HOUR OF NEED!



-LAST ONE ON MY LIST- SHE WAS
ONE OF MY BEST CLIENTS! ALWAYS
PAID ON TIME- NEVER A
PENNY IN CASH!





HAVE A BEER, HARDON!



DIE FAHNE HOCH..



JEEZ, THIS GUY'S PACKING
HEAT! I BETTER NOT
PISS HIM OFF!



YOU'RE PERFECT! THE AMERICAN
DREAM! BLONDE, GORGEOUS...



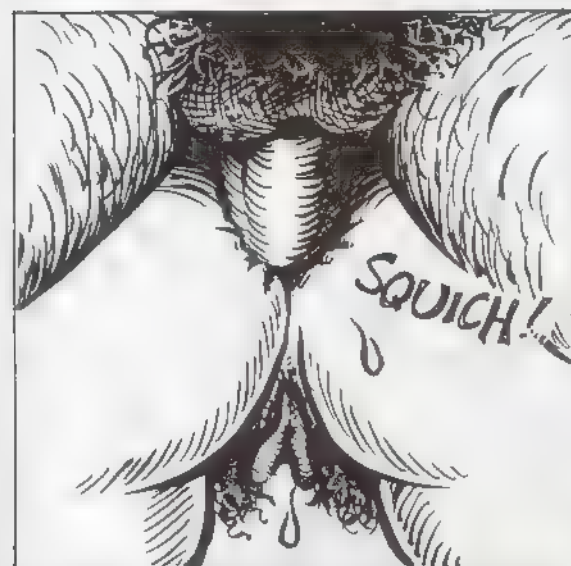
TAKE OFF THAT NIGHTGOWN!



LIKE THIS?



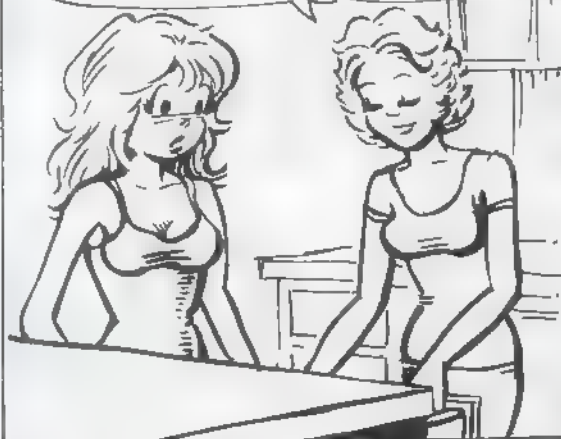




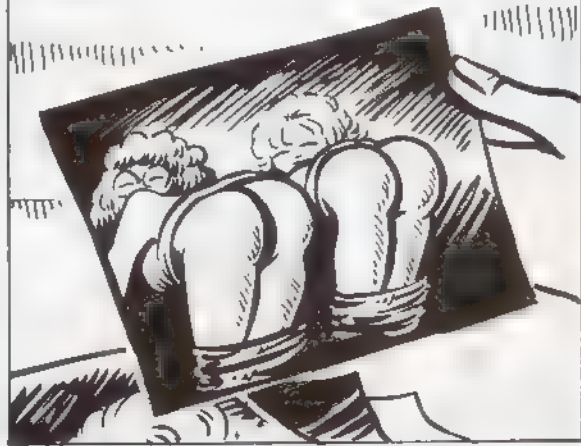




WE SENT HIM A PHOTO INJAIL-
I THINK I STILL HAVE
SOME OF THE PRINTS!



THERE WE ARE!



...I'M GLAD TO BE HERE
AT **KLIT** RADIO, WE'LL
BE RIGHT BACK AFTER
THIS MESSAGE...



HEY, MOM! THAT'S
THE LOCAL STATION!

WANNA GO DOWN AN'
SURPRISE HIM?



SQUIRT, YOU ALWAYS
HAVE THE BEST IDEAS!



...AND IT'S EVERYBODY'S PATRIOTIC DUTY TO BLOW AWAY ANY LAW ENFORCEMENT OFFICER THAT STEPS ON HIS PROPERTY!

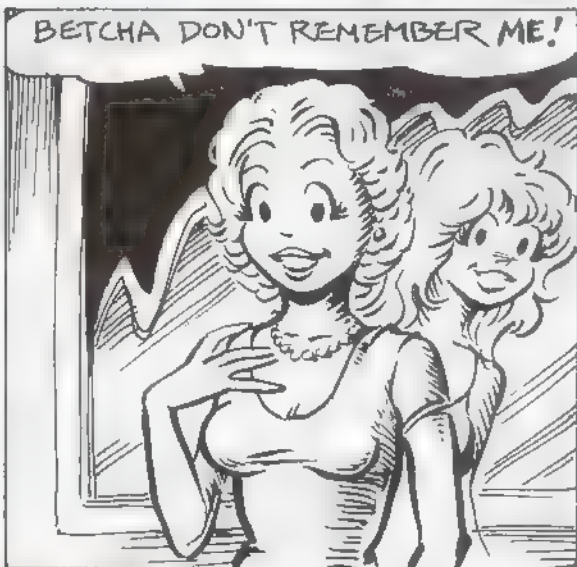
MORALITY AND ASSAULT WEAPONS MADE THIS COUNTRY GREAT!



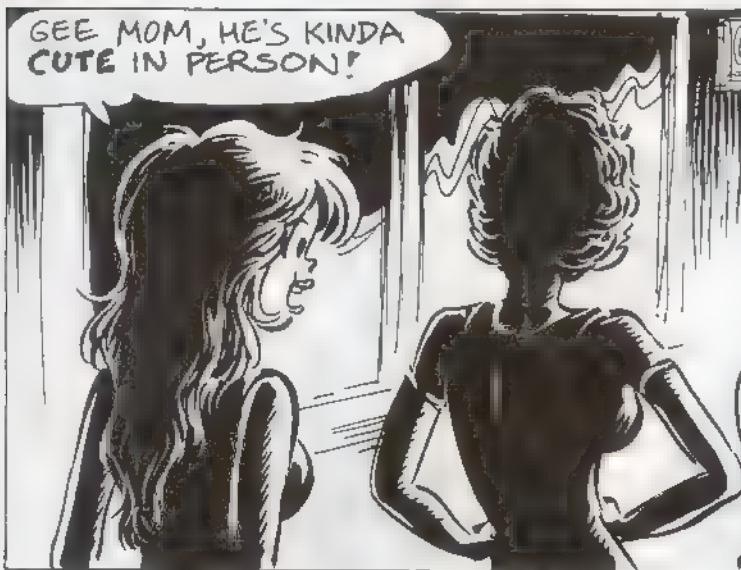
YOUR NEXT GUEST, MR. CAPPY!



BETCHA DON'T REMEMBER ME!



GEE MOM, HE'S KINDA CUTE IN PERSON!

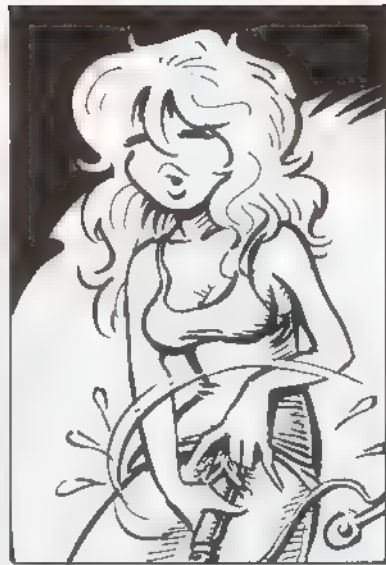
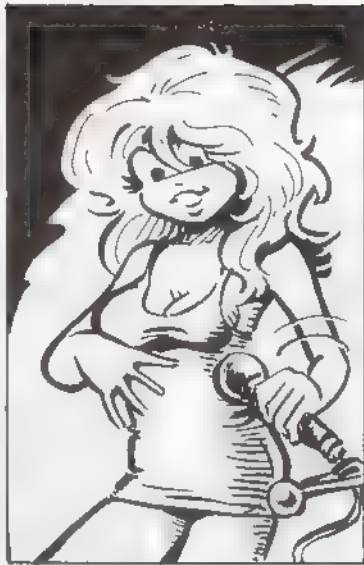


WHAT TH'..?





GEE, MOM, YOU ALWAYS
HOG ALL THE FUN!



?

SPLISH!
SPLURP!
SQUEECH!



YES! YES! DO SOMETHING GOOD
WITH THAT MOUTH FOR A CHANGE!



TEE HEE!

HELLO?
HELLO?



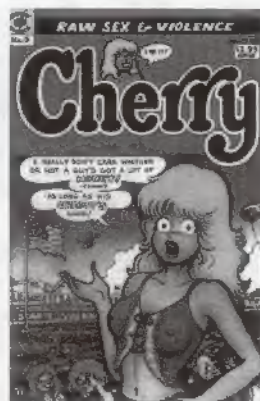
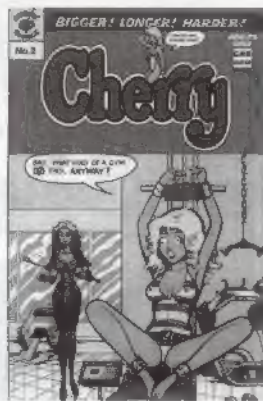
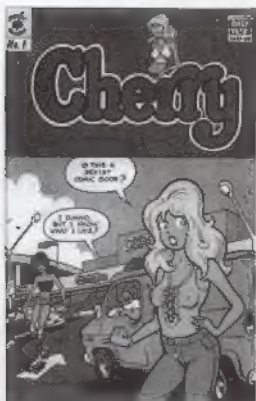


Cherry



Self-Published for your protection!
Created by Larry Welz.

Presenting a Bowlful of Cherrys!
 You know you want her!
 See for yourself what has
 made Cherry one of the
 best-selling Adult Comix
 since 1982! Rilly!

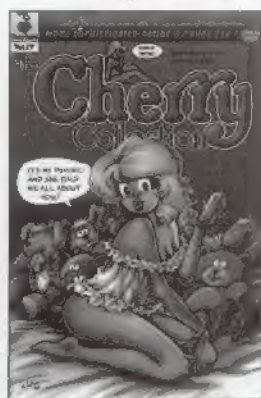
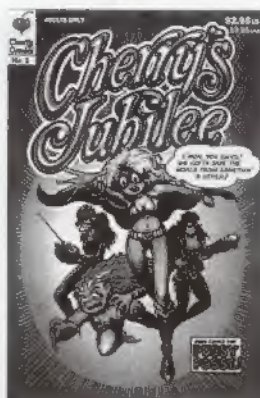
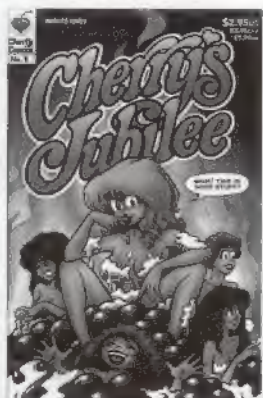
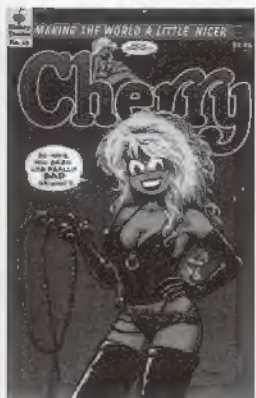


Cherry #1
 Over 100,000 sold!
 Underground classic!
 10th print.

Cherry #2
 Includes "Pool Cue",
 "Lingerie Drawer"
 8th print.

Cherry #3
 Includes "Rambone",
 "Saturday the 8th"
 7th print.

Cherry #5
 Includes "Clan of
 the Care Bear"
 9th print.



Cherry #19
 Cherry meets the
 Boobie Twins
 and Dick.
 2nd print.

Cherry's Jubilee #1
 Includes
 "A Fistful of Cherry",
 "Consciousness Rising"
 3rd print.

Cherry's Jubilee #3
 Includes
 "XXX-Men Vs.
 Testosterone Titans"
 2nd print.

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 Includes Cherry #10,
 12, 13. Introduction
 by Aerosmith's
 Steven Tyler!



The Bird #1
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 Hilarious, scathing,
 ultraviolent
 satire of the comix
 biz! A murdered
 cartoonist rises
 from the dead-
 as a killer clown!

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